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Heeding the Call of Faith

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Street Sense aims to serve as a vehicle for elevating voices and public debate on issues relating to poverty while also creating economic opportunities for people who are experiencing homelessness in our community.

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ILLUSTRATION BY ELISHA SPELLER

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OUR STORY

Street Sense began in August 2003 after Laura Thompson Osuri and Ted Henson approached the National Coalition for the Homeless on separate occasions with the idea to start a street paper in Washington, D.C.

Through the work of dedicated volunteers, *Street Sense* published its first issue in November 2003. In 2005, *Street Sense* achieved 501 (c) 3 status as a nonprofit organization, formed a board of directors and hired a full-time executive director.

Today, *Street Sense* is published every two weeks through the efforts of four salaried employees, more than 100 active vendors, and dozens of volunteers. Nearly 30,000 copies are in circulation each month.

How It Works

Each vendor functions as an independent contractor for Street Sense. That means he or she re-invests in the organization with every purchase.

Vendors purchase the paper for 50 cents/issue, which will then be sold to you for a suggested donation of \$2.



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In Two States, Teens Charged with Murder of Homeless

Six young adults have been charged with the stabbing to the death of a homeless man in Prince George's County, Md.

The victim, 54-year-old Amos Milburn Jones, allegedly made a comment to a teenage girl in the group, which led to the fatal July 22 altercation, *The Washington Post* reported. Investigators are still trying to piece together exactly what happened.

The victim's grandmother told the *Post* that Jones was a harmless "prankster," who for years had chosen to live on the streets with friends though he had other options.

Two of those arrested may have ties to a local gang Mara Salvatrucha, according to police spokesman Lt. William Alexander. All six young people were arrested eight hours after authorities found Jones dead near a Suitland Md. liquor store, the newspaper reported.

Meanwhile, in Albuquerque, NM, three teenaged boys admitted to police that they attacked two homeless men who were found dead in an encampment on July 19, according to *CNN*.

The boys allegedly attacked the victims with cinder blocks, bricks, sticks, a metal pole, and various objects to the point where the victims were unidentifiable. They reportedly said that the men were not the only homeless people that they had assaulted. According to *The Associated Press*, the police are seeking information about the victims from the homeless community.

Violent crimes against the homeless are

on the rise across the country according to a recent report by the National Coalition for the Homeless (NCH).

In 2013, the report documented 109 attacks against homeless people by housed perpetrators, a 24 percent increase from the previous year. Eighteen percent of the attacks resulted in death according to the report "Vulnerable to Hate: A Survey of Hate Crimes and Violence Committed Against the Homeless in 2013."

The NCH supports efforts to have crimes against the homeless included in the federal Hate Crimes Statistics Act. At a Congressional briefing in June, actress Susan Sarandon and other witnesses spoke in favor that measure.

-Sarika Reddy

Panel to Address Need for Literacy Services in Jails and Prisons

At an upcoming forum, a panel of adult literacy experts will discuss the importance of reading skills in helping prisoners make the transition back into society.

"Adult Literacy, Incarceration and Re-Entry: A Public Forum on the Connections Between Adult Literacy, Incarceration and Successful Re-Entry into the Community" will be held on Thursday, July 31 from 9 to 10:30 am at the PNC Bank located at 800 17th St NW, in the 12th floor conference room.

Speakers will include Denise Rolark Barnes of the *Washington Informer*; Cedric Hendricks of the Court Services and Offender Supervision Agency; Jesse Janetta

of the Urban Institute; Tara Libert of the Free Minds Book Club and Writing Workshop; Jaleh Soroui of American Institutes for Research (AIR) and Charles Thornton of the Office on Returning Citizens Affairs.

The Academy of Hope, a non-profit organization that prepares adults to obtain GEDs and external diplomas, and is scheduled to become a charter school this fall, is staging the forum. A light breakfast will be served starting at 8:30 am.

-Hannah Roop

World Cup Stadiums Considered for Housing

The Brazilian government's decision to spend billions of dollars building soccer stadiums for the recent World Cup drew protests in days leading up to the games. The stadiums are expected to continue to cost the country \$250,000 per month to maintain, according to *Huffington Post*.

Now two French architects, Sylvain Macaux and Axel de Stampa of The 1 Week 1 Project, have proposed a plan that would put the vacant venues to use. The architects' project, called Casa Futebol, would transform each stadium into a affordable housing complex to help combat the city's shortage of affordable housing.

The plan calls for between 1,000 and 2,000 housing units to be built into each stadium -- resulting in about 20,000 new homes.

In the months leading up to the games, housing prices skyrocketed near

the World Cup stadiums with Brazil's poorest taking the brunt of the burden. A quarter million Brazilians were either evicted or threatened with eviction due to rising rents near the stadiums, according to a report in *Al Jazeera*.

While some Brazilian soccer fans expressed worries about redeveloping the iconic stadiums for housing, the architects said that under their plan, the stadiums could still be used for soccer.

Macaux explained the proposal should be considered a "thought project" intended as a viable solution to Brazil's housing crisis.

-Sarika Reddy

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Yoga Activists Offer Gift of Calm

By Rachel Cain
Editorial Intern

The women slowly ease into their chairs as the yoga instructor turns up her music mix in the front of the room. The women are worn out, not from exercise but from their homelessness. On the wall in the back of the room is a painting of Maya Angelou with her quote, "You alone are enough. You have nothing to prove to anybody." These women, though facing homelessness, can still find inner peace. The yoga instructor turns to the women and guides them through neck rolls, helping them to loosen their tense muscles. She stretches both arms above her head.

"Close your eyes and see how you feel," the instructor calmly tells the women.

About three years ago, Yoga Activists, a DC-based non-profit dedicated to spreading yoga to underserved communities, began sending volunteers to Rachael's Women's Center. The hour-long classes are offered to the women in the center every Friday.

"The women really enjoy it," said Michelle Durham, program director at Rachael's. "It gets them thinking about different forms of relaxation."

Rachael's, a day shelter for homeless women, provides the women with meals and social services. However, even with such support available homelessness still leads to tremendous anxiety.

"Homelessness is very stressful," explained Durham. "Living in a shelter can be very chaotic."

The yoga sessions at Rachael's Women's Center help the women to discover a few moments of peace.

"It brings a sense of calm," explained Christine Henry, one of the yoga instructors at Rachael's. "It allows time to focus on themselves, and to try to not think about all the things that are going on in their lives."

Before one particular yoga session, Henry heard several of the women complaining about pain in their feet and shoulders. So, she taught them an exercise to help ease the pain. She told them this was something very simple they could do while watching TV or waiting in line.

A few weeks later, one of the women at that session told Henry she had done that stretch while watching TV and that the stretch made her feel wonderful. For Henry, that was one of her most powerful moments while instructing at Rachael's.

Henry said she encourages students at Rachael's to relax by listening to their own bodies and their own breathing.

"When you're homeless or in transitional housing, you don't have a physical place to retreat," Henry said. "Yoga gives you a retreat and a home, which you can find just within the mind. You go in, retreat, and come back refreshed. It's what a home does."

The yoga instructors who teach at Rachael's adjust their lessons to meet the needs of the women at the shelter. For instance, instead of stretching on yoga mats, the women remain in their seats so that everyone, regardless mobility restrictions, can participate. Kanisha Scott, a yoga instructor at Rachael's, emphasized the importance of allowing the women to proceed at their own paces.

In 2010, Rachael's formally presented Yoga Activists with a special award as a way of thanking the organization for its support. The women at the shelter nominate the award recipients themselves.

"[The award] showed how much the women appreciate [the yoga classes]," said Durham.

Founded in 2008 by Jasmine Chehraz, Yoga Activists is a non-profit organization based in DC that makes yoga available to those who might not otherwise have access to it; military personnel, homeless individuals, trauma survivors, and individuals struggling with addiction.

The organization operates under the principle that yoga inspires not only physical or mental action, but also social action. As stated in the group's mission statement, "Yoga activism is the intentional action of sharing yoga with communities that might not otherwise experience it."

Linda Robinson, a regular at the yoga sessions at Rachael's, is grateful for the exercise and sense of calm offered by the yoga.

"I enjoy it, it's relaxing," she said. "It's been years since I've had formal stretch exercise."

Like Robinson, most women who come to Rachael's Women's Center often do not have the time or resources to routinely exercise their whole bodies.

"The most exercise the women get is walking," explained Durham.

Yoga helps the women enjoy the rewards of healthy exercise.

"I feel good about structured exercise, regular exercise," Robinson said. "This particular way I get it once a week. Otherwise, I don't think I would, if not for yoga."

Housing For Frail Elders Called Model for the Future

By Jack Crenca
Editorial Intern

The District of Columbia Housing Authority (DCHA) has opened a \$5 million, state-of-the-art, affordable assisted living facility and officials are calling the innovative project a "working model" for future housing for poor and frail city residents.

Residents of the 14-unit, three-story facility, located at 2905 11th Street, NW, will not only receive low-cost housing, but the 24-hour medical care and services they need, speakers explained at a recent celebration held to mark the opening of the building.

Across the country, as America's Baby Boom generation ages, housing authorities have faced challenges associated with meeting the healthcare needs of increasing numbers of medically fragile elders.

In Washington, offering the level of medical services needed by some frail public housing residents was cost prohibitive until the DCHA applied to the US Department of Health Care Finance and obtained a Medicaid provider's certification and subsidy, officials said.

"We are entering into the affordable assisted living market in the District because there is a need," said DCHA Board Chairman Pedro Alfonso. "Between the statistics on aging and the number of District residents who have physical disabilities, we will continue to see an increased need for these types of services."

The project's model combines rental subsidies from the US Department of Housing and Urban Development, Medicaid reimbursements and other revenues to provide the crucial services. The DCHA has partnered with Mia Senior Living, an



Officials and residents celebrate opening of new affordable assisted living facility. COURTESY OF DC HOUSING AUTHORITY

assisted living facility operator, to run the daily operations at the facility.

DC Council Member Jim Graham said the new facility is "unique in the sense that funding has come from many sources and low-income residents are able to get a higher quality of care in a comfortable environment."

The newly renovated facility provides residents with their own in-home kitchenette and individual AC/heating unit within their 200-square-foot apartment. The building houses a commercial kitchen that provides three meals a day along with a communal eating area for residents. Additionally, the facility includes a shared recreational space, management office space, laundry room and wellness center. The assisted living home has a consultant Registered Nurse who provides added clinical support and oversight to assist the 24-hour staff of health aides.

Jeanne Blue, the administrator at the assisted living facility, said the goal of staff "is to provide a level of care and service that will equal the beauty of the building DCHA has provided." Blue believes the success of the facility will open the door to more affordable assisted living spaces in the future.

The development was primarily funded through grants from the American Recovery and Reinvestment Act, Department of Housing and Community Development, and D.C. Housing Enterprises.

The building is currently at 80 percent capacity and applications are still being processed. DCHA hopes to have the building fully occupied in the coming weeks.



Communal Eating and Recreational Area PHOTO BY JACK CRENCIA

Volunteers Study Hidden Rules of Poverty

By Rachel Cain
Editorial Intern

The eight representatives from DC faith communities are engaged in a fierce debate over whether or not to buy an expensive pair of NIKE shoes. On the one hand, the shoes are pricey and members of the group are down to their last couple hundred dollars. They need to save money for necessities, such as groceries and transportation. Yet, on the other hand, kids often face intense teasing at their schools for not having the “in” shoes. After several minutes while representatives passionately explain their opinions, the group decides against the NIKEs—they need the cash, and the child will have to deal with the teasing at school.

The representatives are playing “Spent,” an online game designed to give the players a glimpse of what living in 30 days of poverty is like. They are participating in the Faith Team Mentor Training for the One Congregation. One Family (OCOF) program, an initiative developed by Mayor Gray and the Mayor’s Interfaith Council to pair mentor teams from DC faith communities with families in rapid re-housing.

“I ask each house of worship in the District—every church, synagogue, and mosque—to take on one family and provide emotional, social, and spiritual support to help them succeed in getting on their feet,” Gray said when he introduced the program during his State of the District Address in March.

“We [the DC government] will help get them housed and help them qualify for key basic benefits. But we know they need loving and caring support as they tackle the tough challenges of becoming and remaining independent.”

Gray, a practicing Catholic, had the inspiration for involving the faith community with homeless families while he was sitting in church. David Berns who retired in June as the District’s human services director, had previously worked in Colorado and told the mayor of a successful effort in that state that paired congregations with needy families. In May, a delegation from DC visited Denver to learn more about Colorado’s program.

In 2006, Denver began connecting homeless families with mentor teams from religious congregations. The program has now expanded throughout the entire state of Colorado and also involves secular organizations, such as the governor’s office and the Salvation Army. DC officials hope DC may do the same in the future.

“You can talk to a family all you want and try to help them,” said Sandrock, who is also the head of the mentor team from the governor’s office. “But so long as



From left to right, David Berns, Gray, and Kamisha Nelson - whose family has been helped by the One Congregation program.

PHOTO BY RACHEL CAIN

they’re living out of a car, talking about a résumé won’t help.”

Congregations involved in DC’s OCOF initiative create mentor teams of about five or six people to provide emotional support for the family in rapid re-housing and help them manage their goals.

Rapid rehousing is a program to get families out of shelters quickly and into short-term housing with rental assistance.

Although families may be paired with a congregation of a faith they choose, congregations and the mentor teams are solely there for support, not to convince the family members to attend services.

The families and mentor teams are required to meet twice a month over six months, but are encouraged to meet more frequently and to keep in touch after the six months are over.

Since OCOF’s official launch on June 18, three homeless families have signed up to be paired with a mentor team and at least two congregations are preparing to be matched with families.

Sonya Crudup, Program Coordinator of OCOF, said in an email that 20 congregations have already expressed interest in forming mentor teams.

“We receive daily inquiries regarding the program, we’ve met with several

congregations individually and have additional meetings set up over the next few weeks,” Crudup said. “We’ve gotten a very positive response since the launch of the program.”

According to Crudup, about 200 DC families are currently in rapid re-housing.

“I hope we can get all two hundred [families involved],” Crudup said, although OCOF is completely voluntary to both families and congregations.

She also said that, in the future, the program could extend to other housing programs beyond rapid rehousing.

Councilmember Yvette Alexander (D-Ward 7) says she will spread the word about OCOF throughout her ward, and she hopes her fellow councilmembers will do the same.

“It takes everyone in the community to help [end homelessness],” Alexander said.

Congregations interested in becoming involved in OCOF must send a representative to the four-hour Faith Mentor Team Training. During the training, participants receive an overview of the program as well as an introduction to the realities of life in poverty.

The participants learn about the “hidden rules” of poverty using study materials developed by educator Ruby K. Payne,

author of the bestseller “A Framework for Understanding Poverty” and an expert on the mindsets of economic classes. Payne describes the “hidden rules” as the unspoken cues and habits held in common among members of a social class.

For instance, those who live in poverty are more likely to tolerate higher noise levels because they often live in close quarters. They place greater importance on non-verbal cues when deciding whom to like and trust. They respect personal strength because see that as a key to survival. People who live in affluence value social exclusion because they see their own connections as an important way of maintaining their status. They respect expertise because while they belong to a class where having money is a given, proficiency is an acquired trait. They expect perfection.

The group also discussed family structure as it relates to poverty: a poor woman may depend upon a succession of partners in an effort to survive economically but this causes stress to her and her children.

Workshop participants from faith organizations filled out questionnaires designed to determine whether they could survive as members of different classes. Living in poverty involves skills such as knowing how to access the local food bank, how to function without a checking account, how to physically fight, how to feed eight people for five days on \$100 and how to get by without electricity or a phone. By contrast, people who function in the middle class are expected to be able to contact teachers when their children are having problems in school; know how to use credit cards and maintain bank accounts and how to decorate their homes for the holidays. Those functioning in the upper class are expected to be able to patronize the arts, serve on charity boards and converse easily about fine foods, wines and travel, workshop participants learned.

So far, two training sessions have been held and more are being planned. Supporters hope that the winner of November’s mayoral race will embrace OCOF.

“With the new mayor, we want to make this program so successful, they want to keep it going,” Crudup said.

Alexander said she does not see a reason for a new mayor to discontinue the program.

“Definitely any mayor who takes office will have to deal with the problem of homelessness,” Alexander said. “I would encourage them to continue [One Congregation One Family].”

CARDBOARD

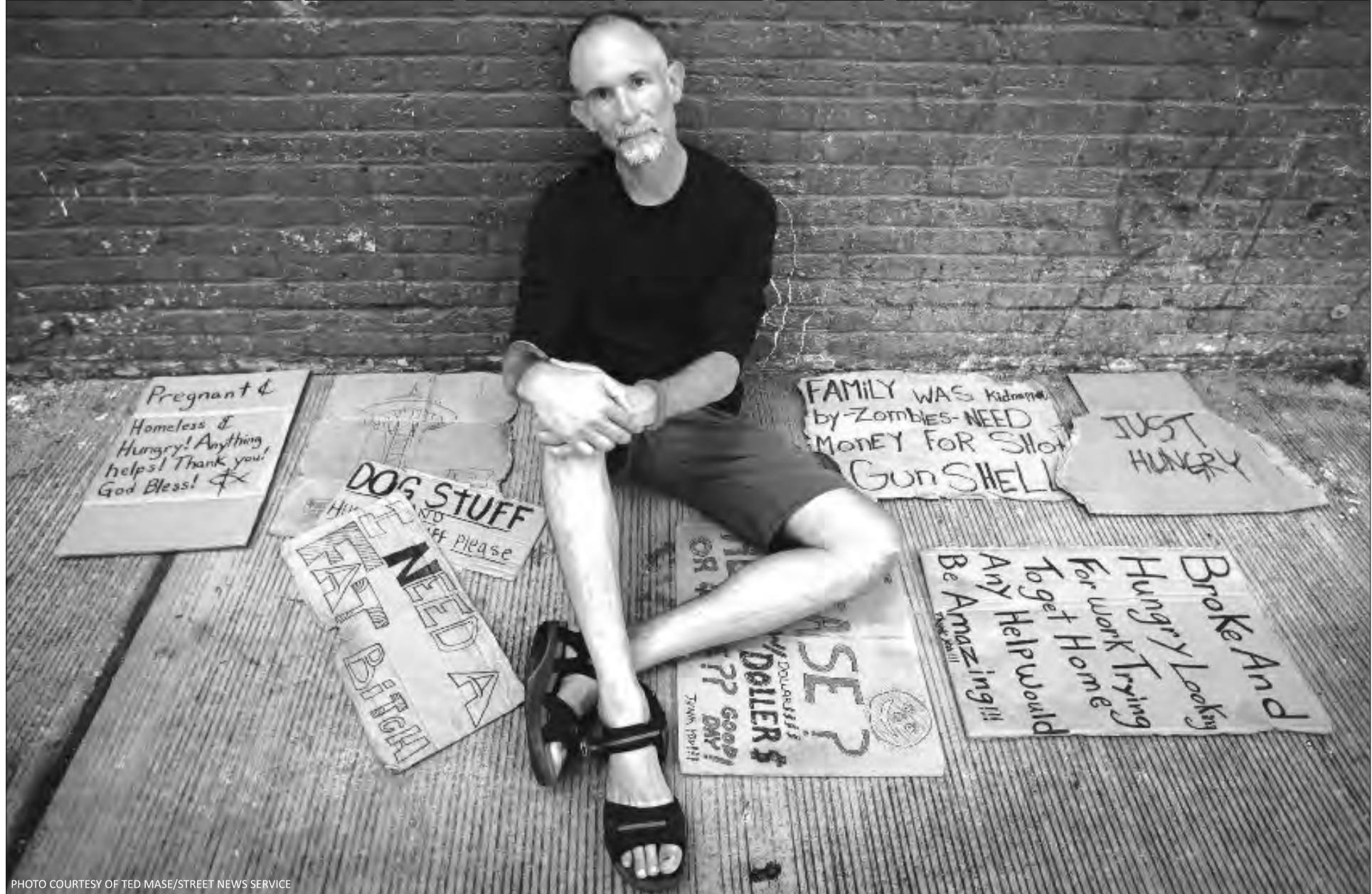


PHOTO COURTESY OF TED MASE/STREET NEWS SERVICE

By Hart Hornor
Real Change - USA

Willie Baronet used to look away when he passed panhandlers standing at freeway on-ramps and intersections. These days he moves toward panhandlers, offering to buy their signs.

Transactions usually begin with him rolling down the window of his Prius: "I say, 'Hey man, can I buy your sign?' Most of the time, they say, 'Sure!' Then I usually say, 'How much?' Sometimes they quote me a price, and sometimes they say 'Hey, I'll take whatever you give me.'"

A handful of panhandlers refuse to sell at any price. After unwittingly approaching the same man four times and being rejected each time, Baronet asked if the man would trade his sign for \$100. He replied, "No sir, I cannot sell you my sign."

Other panhandlers ask Baronet why he wants their signs. This is a complicated question for him to answer.

The Dallas-based artist is driving from

Seattle to New York this month, stopping in 24 cities to buy signs from panhandlers. Baronet estimates he's spent \$7,000 on his sign collection, which numbers about 600 signs. He plans to use them in an art installation.

A graphic designer by trade, Baronet is drawn to the signs themselves: their fonts, images and materials. He likes the signs because they hold clues about panhandlers' lives.

"You can see the sweat stains in the cardboard," he said. "You can see the texture of being out in the sun and, in some cases, the colors fading over the years."

He even sees the marks of city policies. In Austin, where panhandling is legal, signs are larger than in Dallas, where panhandling is banned. There, panhandlers make their signs small enough to fold into a pocket, out of sight from police officers.

Conversation Starter

Before he considered himself an artist, Baronet designed brochures, posters, and other marketing materials for small corporations. He ran a Dallas advertising firm called GroupBaronet.

Driving around Dallas, he imagined drug and alcohol addictions hidden behind panhandlers' signs. This helped him justify holding onto his money, he said.

Then, on a whim in 1993, Baronet stopped and bought a panhandler's sign. It became a habit. For one thing, he liked having an excuse to talk with homeless people.

"There was a time when I would have been too scared to talk to a homeless person," Baronet said. "Now I don't feel any fear."

He also wondered what he could do with the signs. In 2006, he sold Group-

Baronet and enrolled in a Master's of Fine Arts program at the University of Texas.

He discovered new fascinations. For a while he photographed his friends' bellybuttons and each of his cat's hairballs. For a class project, he compiled a list of subject headers from pornographic spam emails ("Blonde in nylon pantyhose gives footjob in toilet," "Hot sexual pleasure taking place on the farm"), then videotaped women's mouths reading them.

After graduation, he told a Dallas audience he had learned two essential truths about himself: "I collect things, and I like to make people uncomfortable."

In 2009, he got a chance to display his signs in a solo show at a Dallas art gallery. He thought that would be the end of it.

"That was not the case. I can't stop thinking about them. I can't stop thinking of ideas."

CANVAS



PHOTO COURTESY OF TED MASE/STREET NEWS SERVICE



Willie Baronet buys a couple of signs from Samantha and Jay in front of the Target store in Seattle, above. Baronet paid the couple \$20 for their signs. Both of them signed their signs as well as a model release for Baronet's documentary.

PHOTO COURTESY OF TED MASE/STREET NEWS SERVICE



PHOTO COURTESY OF TED MASE/STREET NEWS SERVICE

Crowd-funded Project

As this summer neared, Baronet, now an adjunct professor of advertising at Southern Methodist University, began planning a cross-country sign-buying trip. He drew a route that passed through 24 major cities, including Los Angeles, Chicago and Detroit. After adding a documentary film and a book about his project to his plans, Baronet came up with a budget of \$44,000 and posted it on May 1 to a crowd-funding website. By May 31, he had raised \$48,000.

Baronet doesn't claim to be an expert on panhandlers. And he doesn't know whether he's supported drug addictions. In fact, he likes the mystery of the signs. One of his favorites is written on a large square of brown cardboard. On both sides, a panhandler colored black columns, 6 inches thick. Between the columns, he

wrote a message in letters so tall and skinny that they're barely legible.

Baronet said he doesn't understand what the sign means. He doesn't need to.

"In art galleries, people give the signs meanings," he said.

"They may create a whole story about who that person is, whether they're lying or telling the truth, whether they're an addict, and whether they're going to spend their money on drugs and alcohol. They create a story based on this little piece of cardboard."

Panhandlers have reacted in many different ways to Baronet's requests. Some have offered to autograph their signs. One woman started to cry.

Her sign had belonged to her dead husband, she told Baronet. She flipped it over to reveal his name inscribed on the back. He felt bad, so he asked her if she wanted it back.

"She said, 'No, I'm excited that his sign is going to be used for an art project.'"

Seattle filmmaker Matt Longmire, who followed panhandlers for his 2012 documentary, "Cardboard," said artists find homeless people interesting because they're unusual.

"It's not another guy in a suit," he said. "We always look for things just outside the norm."

But Longmire gets nervous when he hears about people using homeless people to make art. If the artist's intention is to help homeless people, he said, that's OK. "If he's just doing it because he thinks it's a neat art project, I don't know."

Exploitation?

Baronet says he sometimes wonders if he's exploiting panhandlers by displaying their signs. He likes to think he isn't: he

lets the panhandlers set their prices (usually around \$10), he doesn't resell the signs, and he plans to donate over \$2,000 of the money he raised this spring to services for homeless veterans.

Kirk, who sat in front of the ferry terminal on Alaskan Way, said he has displayed the same message for the past 20 years. It says, "Anything will help."

Would he sell his sign? "I've done it," he said.

In North Dakota, a teacher once bought his sign to show to his class. Kirk said he'd like to see a show of panhandling signs. "I've seen people put all kinds of things on their signs," he said. "It's kind of interesting."

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8:15 AM and 4:45 PM

CHILDREN'S ART: PORTRAIT OF HCPP VOLUNTEER



2,453 schoolage children experienced homelessness last year in D.C., about 1 and 20 children, or more than 1 child per classroom. The Homeless Children's Playtime Project visits 6 different transitional housing and emergency shelter programs to provide weekly activities, healthy snacks, and opportunities to play and learn to as many children as possible.



Courtesy of the Homeless Children's Playtime Project
[HTTP://WWW.PLAYTIMEPROJECT.NET](http://www.playtimeproject.net)

**Eugene is a retired
economist turned
fiction writer.**

Vendor service volunteers like Eugene are an integral part of the *Street Sense* team. They meet and converse with our vendors, sell them papers, and support a business model based on empowering others to help themselves. *Street Sense* provides low barrier job opportunities, with all the necessary tools, to anyone interested, and vendor service volunteers help make *Street Sense* as welcoming a place as possible.

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Tonight We Die

By Larry Garner, Vendor

Will the sun come up

Or sleep forever?

Either way we lose.

The sunset shines violet

Reflecting off your eyes.

Tonight is the last beautiful one

For one last beautiful goodbye.

The leaves are gold

But can't be seen

And we both know

They'll never again be green.

If morning never comes,

And I doubt it does,

You were the greatest

That ever, ever was.

Let's fight for what we're losing

Exactly how we said we wouldn't

Hell, if this is the last day

*There's no reason why we
shouldn't.*

Will the sun come up

Or sleep forever?

Either way we lose.

Sunrise, To Sunset

By Chino Dean, Vendor

As her beautiful eyes and as sexy

As forms get.

The way the moon's glow

Glistens and the coyotes cry

Or howl, only for the desert

Or mountains to hear.

The silence of the morning

When our silence is broken

By vibes that open new direction

For affection through a seed!

Hoping for duplication of man

Lots of love for the woman she be

With natural entity, not a change

That would shock also me!

Closed windows and blinds

For walls of secrecy!

To the halls of archives that only

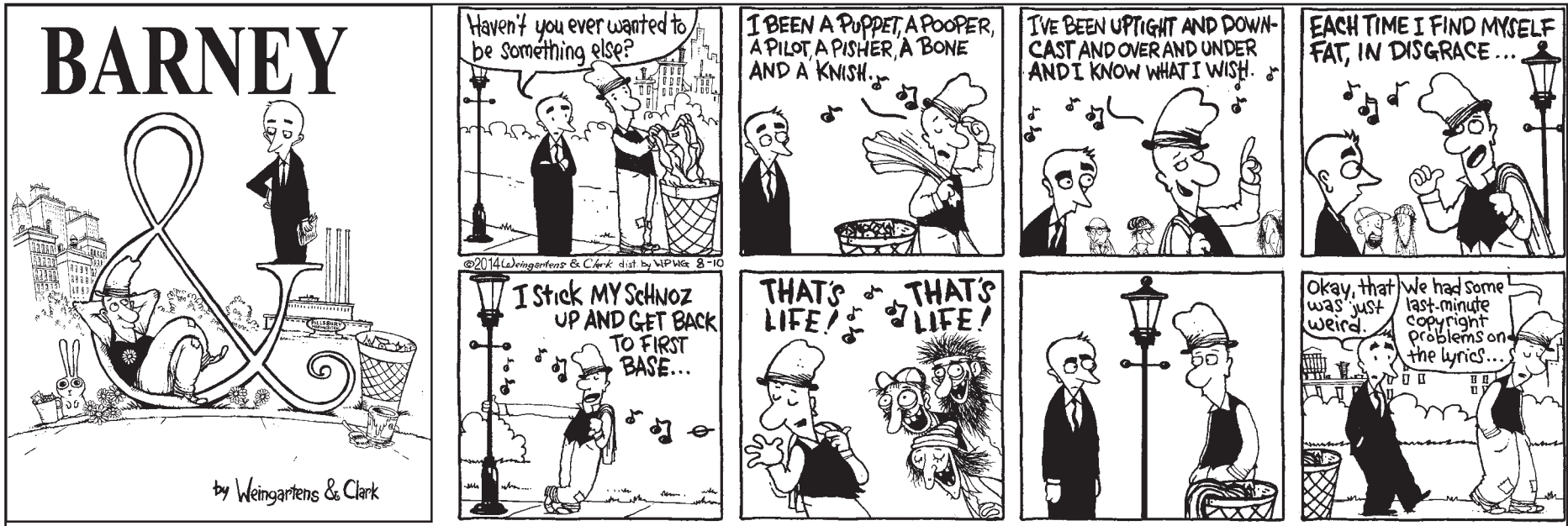
The things that sit in between

The corners of the ceiling and

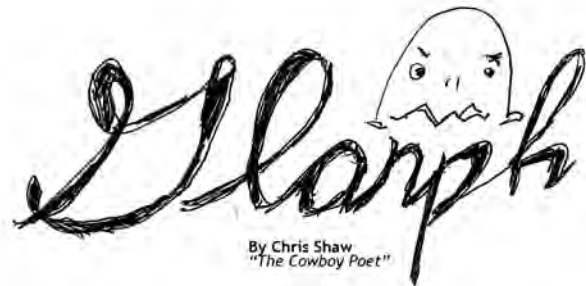
Corners of these feelings!



BARNEY & CLYDE IS A COMIC STRIP ABOUT AN UNLIKELY FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN A HOMELESS MAN AND A TYCOON. IT'S ABOUT OUR MODERN, POLARIZED ECONOMY OF HAVES AND HAVE-NOTS. IT RE-EXAMINES TRADITIONAL MEASURES OF SUCCESS, FAILURE, AND THE NATURE OF HAPPINESS.



ABOUT THE AUTHORS: GENE WEINGARTEN IS A COLLEGE DROPOUT AND THE NATIONALLY SYNDICATED HUMOR COLUMNIST FOR THE WASHINGTON POST. DAN WEINGARTEN IS A FORMER COLLEGE DROPOUT AND A CURRENT COLLEGE STUDENT MAJORING IN INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY. MANY THANKS TO GENE WEINGARTEN AND THE WASHINGTON POST WRITER'S GROUP FOR ALLOWING STREET SENSE TO RUN BARNEY & CLYDE.



Glarp's Choice



Getting to Higher Moral Ground

By Robert Warren, *Vendor*



Every day I remember these true words:

"The poor and the homeless will always be among us."

It's sad when you think about it to see people living on the streets and in shelters for long parts of their lives. Yet we live in a world where profit is placed over people. Here in the West we will never see housing as a human right, something that builds family and community.

Even people of faith fail to do what's right when it comes to those who need housing, even though the holy books we all read instruct us to help other people the way the Lord of the World helps us.

There is so much love in the world from people who call themselves Christians, Muslims, Jews, yet they can't come together to help people with the housing they need to raise their families and contribute to their city in a positive way.

When all is said and done, people must know that the Lord's blessing is real and so is his hellfire. Just because you call yourself a person of faith doesn't mean that without good deeds you won't be fuel for the Lord's pyre.

Now that I have spoken my piece and words of wisdom, smile.

I will say a word or two about our local government and a city where I have lived all my life.

When it comes to being homeless in DC, you can live on the streets and in shelters for years, and get a lot of help from well-meaning people who get a paycheck to help you do just that.

But when it actually comes to finding an affordable place getting help is like finding a needle in a haystack. There is little low-cost housing in the city and much of it is falling apart due to either years of neglect or mismanagement by realtors and builders while local officials have looked the other way.

Some older people who are trying to live their lives with some dignity are easily misled by smooth-talking politicians. Other people seem to have their heads

stuck in the sand when it comes to casting an informed vote. Every month, we get stories about decaying buildings that serve the poor and homeless, and there seems to be a plan in mind to create what they call "new communities," with new people.

But we cannot truly rebuild our families, health and wellbeing until people in this city wake up and see housing as a human right and a human need. Until then, we will continue to lose more ground and will continue to lose lives to homelessness and inadequate housing.

In our city, when you ask a politician about affordable housing, the first thing he will say, "You know the mayor has put \$180 million into affordable housing."

But what he won't tell you is that funding for the city's Housing Production Trust Fund was cut by millions during the recession years. That money would have been there to build houses two years ago, along with money from the federal government. In any case, in the city's current housing crisis the new money is just a drop in the bucket. It would be a good start if we could get the city to commit to \$180 million a year over 10 years for affordable housing.

You can live on the streets and in shelters for years, and get a lot of help from well-meaning people who get a paycheck to help you do just that.

At the same time we must not forget the immediate need to fund programs such as the Local Rent Supplement Program. We have people who can't wait five, six or seven more years for a few affordable houses to be built, for which they may not even qualify.

Once again, my fellow residents, wake up and vote these people out. This is the only way we can begin to rebuild our families and communities and have faith in each other.

Reflections on what Led Me Here

By Judson Williams, *Vendor*



The fear of a new overwhelming experience. Cojones burning - the flame reaching up through the spine...rapidly burning a new pathway.

Another opening and another--the screams--neighbors banging on the door, the return of the white coats with their needles and pills.

If only I had known that I was in fear of my own purification process, leaving the path of self-mastery, only to succumb to the tyranny of legal and medical "professional experts."

Domestic Violence

By Ashley McMullen, *Vendor*



Why is it alright to hit a woman? Some men think it's all right to hit their significant other and my question is why? According to a recent survey done by the Department

of Justice, there was a 42 percent increase in reported domestic violence and a 25 percent increase of incidence of rape and assault. Domestic violence is defined as a pattern of behavior which involves

the abuse in a relationship or marriage. Domestic violence can happen in a heterosexual or same-sex relationship. There are many types of domestic violence which include physical, emotional, verbal, economic and sexual abuse and can result in death. Studies show that 38 percent of murders against females are committed by an intimate partner. Domestic violence can include hitting, slapping, punching, choking, burning and other types of physical contact to the person. Abusers need to ask themselves why they think it is all right to hit their partner? Abusers and victims both need help.

A Third Approach to Immigration

By Jeffery McNeil, *Vendor*



To say that we are a nation of immigrants may be an overused expression; however, it doesn't discount the reality that America is a nation of immigrants.

The 2010 Census estimated that nearly 40 million, or 13 percent of this country's population, was foreign born.

Immigration has always been contentious. Whether you watch the news or are living near the border, immigration has polarized our nation. No matter how many attempts we have made to merge foreigners with those who have assimilated into the continent, there have been cultural, ethnic and economic problems. This has led to backlash against foreigners throughout our history.

Nothing is new under the sun. The arguments heard today against immigrants - claims that they bring diseases, take jobs and don't want to be Americans - were being made in the 1840's by Know-Nothings and nativists.

However, despite the media hype, the ripples in the seas, immigration has always been seen in waves and crests. To understand immigration present you must revisit immigration's past.

Many laws have been passed attempting to control immigration. One example was the National Origins Act of 1924, aimed at limiting the number of immigrants from China, Japan and other Asian countries. Another was the Hart-Celler Act of 1965 that gave preference to immigrants based on skills and family relationships instead of race.

The Simpson-Mazzoli Act of 1986, signed by President Reagan, made it illegal for employers to knowingly hire or recruit undocumented immigrants, yet legalized some seasonal farm workers who had come to the country undocumented.

No law has stopped undocumented immigration. A study last year by the Pew Research Center estimated that there are about 11.7 million illegal immigrants living in this country.

Conservatives are calling for stronger enforcement of immigration laws. Liberals want to broaden family reunification policies.

I believe there should be a pathway to American citizenship and that the faster we make someone a citizen, the faster they can become taxpayers and contribute to society. However, because they broke the law, I believe undocumented immigrants should pay a penalty, though not a punitive one.

Although we need restrictions on immigrants, I wonder whether it's good logic to spend billions on law enforcement. History has shown that building fences does little to curb undocumented immigration; that technique just encourages people to allow their visas to expire and stay in the country.

To curb immigration we need to go after unscrupulous employers who hire undocumented workers. Because jobs are the fuel that spurs undocumented immigration, a database that verifies every worker in the U.S. would be more efficient and less expensive.

Instead of turning our country into a police state, a better way to curb immigration is to invest in more training for American workers. The government should create a training center and skill system that can find areas in which Americans trail their competitors, such as math, science and physics. This would eliminate the excuse that businesses need to hire foreigners.

We need to be smarter and reward companies that invest in America and severely punish those that are concerned only about profiting from foreign labor. That would be a reasonable approach to immigration.



The *Street Sense* Writers' Group is led by two writing professionals and meets every Wednesday at 10:30 a.m. The group's goal is to develop ideas and collaborate on the next great issue of *Street Sense*.

The New King of Spain

By Robert Warren, Vendor

For what do you say to my new king?
Democracy is a new thing that every city tries.
The people will fight or die for it
Those who represent it will lie
For many a mother will cry
Reputations of man will fry
Economic crises, record joblessness will apply.
A lot of greed and high finance lifestyles many will try,
Corruptions and scandals centering on one's popularity,
The people will sigh.

A new king and a democracy are all about how one lives his life.
For what do you say to a new king?
Maybe democracy is not a good thing.
Maybe what the people need is a good king
Who could run everything.
I hope you will be that king.
I don't know,
I probably will never speak to a new king.

Grateful

By Veda Simpson, Vendor

People tend to believe the world owes them something. The world did not sign a contract or agreement that it owed you anything for being born. That was a blessing. Count your many blessings. Name them one by one. See what the Lord had done. I count my blessings every day. From the least to the most.
There is not a day that I don't thank God for my animals. At work, I feed the birds. They are very obedient to me. If they try to walk into traffic, trying to follow me, I tell them to fly across the street and they obey. I also feed the outside cats. They know what time I leave and come home. It's like they have a watch.
I truly want to thank the people at Eastern Market for taking time to acknowledge me and donate to me. Most of all, letting their dogs become friends with me and spending time with me. I look forward to my weekends. One dog-Murphy-has my undivided attention, and he tries to make sure I give him the same. When he sees me, he pulls his owner down the street to me.
My customers at Farragut North Metro station and the ones I met on the corner where Gerald works were so kind to me while I took over for Gerald when he was out for a while. Thank you! My blessings and prayers are always with you. I love you all from the bottom of my heart.

Who is This One?

By Gwynette Smith, Vendor

Who is this one
who sees the Lord beyond the cloud,
who finds fun in simple things,
and finds a bond, not a bind
in wedding rings?

Who is this one
who withstands trials
that are sure to come
but does not give up
and leave and run?

Who even loves children
when they are a pain
and in them sees not a loss
but really a gain?

This person, the name,
who could it be?
Whoever it is,
he's the one for me.



Inhumane Society

By Levester Green, Vendor



Saving Cleo because Geo threatened 2 let go. So I threw a psychic elbow, except no sike tho! You better know, it's not just about dough, too many people act simple! Bleeding dog because you're a nympho! Now is that too much, or not enough info? Man's best friend or is you foe? Inhumane society, so why did you lie to me? Now that's the way it be...



My Katrina: Part 16

By Gerald Anderson, Vendor

Previously: So we all huddlin' together on this little bitty porch, and a man passed near us in his motorboat. We all scared and hollering. KK took off his wet t-shirt and flagged the man down. There was floods over the roofs of the houses. After we seen that I told Calio, "We wouldn't've made it there with our boat, we'd be dead." The water hittin' the motorboat's windshield real hard now...

The motorboat man give us lifesavers with ropes attached to the boat so we can swim out to help folks and then he can crank us in. Problem is we can't get to the houses, because them houses, they cavin' in. Trees fallin' over there. It ain't nothin' for that weather to pick them things out the ground. You got telephone poles split too.
When we saw houses that we thought we could reach, the man circle his motorboat, like how you go fishing. We then got off the boat wearing our lifesavers and swam to rescue folks.
We always asked for the kids first. We hold babies up in the air toward the sky, like they was a laundry bag, and glide back to the boat with them. Bigger kids we put on our shoulders.
For grownups, two of us would carry them. The water up to my chin. I could just about manage.
There was this old man, he ain't got no legs, just his torso. So me and KK carry him. He so scared. He keep sayin', "Please don't drop me. Please don't drop me." Finally we get close enough to pass him over to Calio and the man driving the boat.
That guy with no legs, now he so happy, he say, "Man, thank y'all! Thank y'all!" Another twenty or thirty minutes, he wouldn't've made it. After he safe in the boat I swam back to get his wheelchair.
We rescued three more families after that, which was a blessing. We drop all them at the ramp to the Superdome and

then I push the man up in his wheelchair.
The security at the Superdome ask are we going in too. We say no.
He say, "By right, once you go up the ramp you gotta go in."
I say, "No, no. We been bringin' people here for days." Then Calio and I run to the motorboat, and the security man didn't run after us.
Motorboat Man drop us back at our boat. He told us, "If there is any kind of way to get to my house, I'd give you some paddles, better than them sticks y'all been using." He say he'd try to come back, but we never seen him again.
When we get back up toward the project, we ask if anything going on. They say some people got hit by bullets on the old side of the projects where the shootin' was.
I say we'll check early, when it's daylight. Being out at night, it pitch dark. You can't see what might come at you. You don't know if building might fall or if live telephone wires down. If somebody try to kill you. There ain't no way to call the cops.
In the project, it like the old side against the new side. They beef, they don't get along too good. It's not a gang, exactly; to me it's like struggling for power in the project.
The next day we went building to building. On the old side they had an old addict we know, named Butch. He got hit by bullets in his leg and on his side. That bullet burnin' him, and he so soakin' wet. All him bleedin' make him drippin' pink all over. He hollerin' "Help me!"
He tell us he heard some shot. "I try to run," he said. He had been in the middle of shootin' up his drug and he drop his syringe.
I said, "Man, people dyin' out here and you doing that? That's crazy!"
He gotta survive, and we gotta get him outta there.

(to be continued)

The Mysterious Masonic Ring

STREET SENSE
July 30 - August 12, 2014

FICTION

13

Chapter 11: Bowler for Dollars

By John "Mick" Matthews
Vendor

PREVIOUSLY: Bill arrives at his secret rendezvous with Bowler Hat...

"I'm glad to see you have some uncommon sense, Mr. Dickerson."

I turned around and there he stood, the man whom in my mind became the epitome of evil, worse than Caligula, Hitler, and Darth Vader combined. A man of obvious wealth and taste, and considering I'm quoting a Rolling Stones song, "Sympathy for the Devil", in stating that, very appropriate. That's what I truly felt like I was doing here, playing chess with Satan himself.

"Uncommon sense, that's a very interesting turn of phrase, sir," I answered, apparently doing a great job of hiding the fear within me. "In fact, it sounds like something I would say."

"I believe you'll find we have much in common," he said, his voice flavored

with a honeyed warmth that sent chills down my spine. "If you give yourself the time to get to know me and the friends I represent."



ILLUSTRATION BY LAUREN POOLE

comfortable with, especially since all I know about you is that you dress well, have a penchant for wearing bowlers and are most probably from the United Kingdom."

"Ah, forgive me Mr. Dickerson. You may call me Smythe-Mr. Smythe, if you are feeling overly polite. But Smythe will do if you choose not to stand on formalities."

"I'm not one for formalities," I said. "Please call me Bill, or, if that offends your British sensibilities, call me William. Either way, Mr. Dickerson was my father's

"About that," I responded, "you seem to have me at a disadvantage, sir. You obviously know my name and probably a bit more about me than I am com-

fortable with, especially since all I know about you is that you dress well, have a penchant for wearing bowlers and are most probably from the United Kingdom."

name, and one I prefer not to use, even though he left this world more than a decade ago."

I extended my hand to him. He took it with a tight grip, as if taking my measure in the gesture, which I made sure was as tight as his. If one could shake hands with a rattlesnake, I'm sure this is akin to what it feels like.

"Bill it is then," he answered with a wide grin. "Out of curiosity, have you eaten dinner yet?"

"Not yet," I replied, "I was going to pick up something on the way back."

"Well, I was planning on dining across the street at Elephant and Castle this

evening. Would you like to come? My treat of course"

"Sounds like a plan, Smythe," I said with a crocodile smile. All the years crashing at the Pavilion had indeed made me curious about the cuisine at Elephant and Castle. Well, occasionally a well-meaning passerby might have dropped Kittie and me off a decent-sized doggie bag of leftovers from there, but it's nothing like eating there. Not to mention, half the experience of dining at a restaurant is the atmosphere, which I knew nothing about.

(to be continued)



By Chris Shaw, "Cowboy Poet" Episode 15

LET THE CARNIVAL BEGIN AGAIN

Whop!! Ka-FLOCK!! Ka-POWIE--knife throwing prowess of the wickedly

grinning Ferret Walsh. "Y ou've lost none of yer sinister skeels, boy," clucked his long-forgotten sire of record, Sky Box Willie Williams. "Ferret--0" |

Suddenly, the pallid ratlike mug, yet another shiv clenched between his pointy littlefangs, loomed dangerously close to old Pop there. "That's APACHE to you, ya measly BUM--"

Backing away, Sky Box Willie panted in a terrified snit, "Y-Yuh-uhh, ennything yuh say, son, er, I mean, uh-uhh --APACHE, son!"

"That's right, an' thanks to Your SORRY BUTT, I never saw my own MAMMA!" He drew back quickly and continued to throw an outline of knifery around the taffeta garments of a most unwilling WANDA! Just ringside, Senator Marsh looked on, snickering triumphantly.

"Yeah! an' you will right regret keepin' ME from bein' around Her, too!"

Willie shuffled uncomfortably, and went to rummage for a set of pliers in an equipment crate.

"Where're them dang tweezers, aw-whh, yuh din't miss a thing, boy... dang JEZEBEL...grr-grrhhh..."

Ferret delivered the "Blade de Grace" right under Wanda's bright strawberry of a chin, causing her to gasp noticeably. Marsh pushed Ferret aside and wrested the big point abruptly from the fresh gashin the plywood. "That might'a torn a

bunch of your pretty lil' tissue, Wanda my dear. (She sobbed pitifully as he helped her off the targeting dais.) So, why not think twice about judging your BENEFAC-TOR, in such a snivelin' fashion, Hmmm?"

A dark limo swerved up behind Apex Liquors and crunched up on the pitted sidewalk to a soft halt. Skipper and Billy, wordlessly transfixed with one another, left the back of the car and wandered like love-struck kids over to the blinking lights of the street carnival. Billy wandered around, soaking up the ambience of the freak sideshow, with MooMoo the Jungle Savage Girl, and Armo the Snake Guy, and Bertie and Bertha the Conjoined Cow getting his star billing. "Skipper! Get a load of this, it's the same show we used to have back in Gloryville Delaware so many summers ago!"

Skipper was talking up Sky Box, who inadvertently blocked her view of a retreating Senator Hastings Marsh and his concubine Wanda from the fifth estate. And Ferret had grabbed a trio of his wickedest Jim Bowie knives and was whispering lovingly to them, in their felt scabbard, as he snuck up Seventh Street, past FW Grand's Lunch Counter.

Lupe, close amiga to the dear departed Elaine, shrieked to herself as the human maggot Ferret grimaced at her through the luncheonette's plate glass and wove a figure eight in thin air with hone of his pig-stickers!

(to be continued)



IT WAS A BIT OF A CHILLY "LATE NIGHT" AND WITH THE SPEED THAT THE TASK FORCE WAS MOVING TOWARD THE BUILDING ONLY SUGGESTED ONE THING: BIG MONEY IS INVOLVED. HE FURTHER THOUGHT, I'M HERE WITH ALL THIS LOOT, AND A MISSING DAME SET IT ALL UP! YEAH I TOLD HER SHE COULD HAVE MY HEART BUT NOT MY FREEDOM. EITHER WAY I'M NOT LEAVING THIS ALL BEHIND. I GOTTA ESCAPE NOW BEFORE I'M INCRIMINATED. IN WHAT WAS AN OBVIOUS PRIME, BUT OUR HERO IS CLEVER AND ALSO HOLDS NEW HIDDEN POWER AS "THE ESCROC", AND HE MIGHT POSSIBLY BE ABLE TO MANUEVER OUT IN ONE OF TWO WAYS. FIRSTLY WE HAVE THE SCENARIO WHERE HE TRIES HIS NEW POWERS TO SCALE THE WINDOW AND ROPE HIS WAY TO ANOTHER UNIT AND TRY TO OUTSTEALTH THE SWAT. OR...

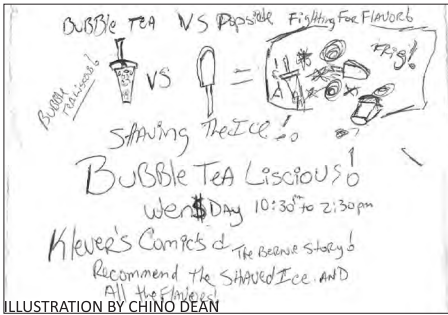
HE COULD SIT HIS MIND ON THE OBJECTIVE AND THINK HIS WAY OUT. HE CALMED HIS NERVES FIRST AND CONVINCED HIMSELF THAT THE HERMES BAG FULL OF LOOT WAS JUST CLOTHING. AFTER THAT HE ENTERED THE ELEVATOR AND REACHED THE LOBBY, WIPING HIS BROW ALONG THE DESCENT. BAM! HE SAW THEM, TWO OBVIOUSLY ENTRY LEVEL BUSINESS PEOPLE HAVING AN AFFAIR UNDER THE GUISE OF A CASUAL LATE CONFERENCE THAT ONLY THE SUPER-AMBITIOUS HAVE. HE CONFRONTED THEM WITH A FRIENDLY AUSTERITY, A HANDSHAKE, SALUTATION, SMALLTALK, AND BEARD CASH A PIECE ALL IN FRONT OF THE POLICE WHO HAD JUST BARRED IN. THEY LOOKED PAST THE COBBLE BUSINESS, THE STRANGE HANDS AND DEPARTING BEARDS, AND STAYED THE LOCAL STAFFED AN AFFAIR!

The Story of Bernie Dean, Jr: Part 1

By Chino Dean, Vendor

This story begins itself and has four parts.

It all started in New Jersey with a kid named Bernie Dean, Jr. He was baptized Bernard Jamaal Dean, Jr., but his family, friends and classmates knew him as Bernie. When he was just four or five years old, he began racing not only on bikes, but on the track. He vowed everything he ever did would be the best, whether school or sport. By the age of seven he had begun playing organized fast-pitch baseball in the peewee league. In the third grade he was an A student. He loved school and competition. By the age of eight he had won his first championship, and he pitched a good percentage of games.



Some people would consider Linden, NJ the worse place to live, but Bernie loved Linden, and Linden loved Bernie. As he went on in school, he earned honors in the Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC). He seemed bound for greatness as an officer in the US Navy.

(to be continued)



Mile High

By Levester Green, Vendor

Goodness gracious the Lords' grace is so spacious, he got me elevated in the body like a spaceship! Job well done. You deserve congratulations, pure adoration. He's a sensation, thank him for his patience. It's great to be in relation to you. Through you I came through, I came through, thank you! I show gratitude, and sometimes attitude like when I'm not in the mood, but not to be rude because there's no excuse...what's the use of fighting the truth? Let it loose and watch it produce...like the greenery, green of tree, green of weed uplifting like the gifts of divinity leads to prosperity. The gravity bring it back down to the green of seed, 360 degrees...what a trip! I'm gliding on the grace so I won't slip in the end, but even if I did I'd be caught up by my number one friend who saved me from sin! end, but even if I did I'd be caught up by my number one friend who saved me from sin!

I am a Dream

By Sasha Williams, Vendor

I am a dream. I believe in me. I was blind in both eyes But now I can partially see! I had no vision at the time But now I have innovation at 29. I was molested, abused; raped Mentally and emotionally But now my motivation and Brand is speeding in a new direction. I thank the universe for protection. I am here and I was given a gift: Eboni Monique. I wake up to learning and growing each level of my life anew. I am a survivor. I want to inspire!

Holy War

By John "Mick" Matthews, Vendor

Is God's name Jehovah or Yahweh or Allah, is it Buddha or Brahman or El? And by what right do you degrade me for what I call Him and/or Her, tell me I'm going to Hell.

Call him Odin, or Horus, or Tyr Call upon your higher power without fear Call her Isis, or Athena, or Ishtar The more you call, he/she won't seem as far.

In the end, God is God, they are all the same, all One From Helios the sun to Jesus the Son It's mankind's fear of difference that brings on Jihad tearing us apart, leaving evens odd So before the next holy war commences Let's all try to make peace, and tear down the fences.

Street Sense

By Barron Hall, Vendor



In the name of God gracious and merciful, America once again has an opportunity to help a people in need. A chance to help without killing or being killed. But once again, I see

American excuses. Only when it calls for going somewhere to police or protect for material gain does America not hesitate.

America is a nation of immigrants, made up by the grace of God for the good and freedom of every nation and every people. There are children knocking on America's door asking for help. Suffer the little children to come unto me. America will reap what it sows. God keeps on giving us a chance to repent. The word of God says the Great Whore, the Prostitute of the world will be destroyed. The people will be crying and gnashing their teeth. The new Babylon will fall from within. This is the Bible's word of God's warning. America, wake up. Take heed.

Homeless

By Leonard C. Hyater, Jr., Vendor

Homeless is someone, rather male or female, who is down on their luck. Anyone can be homeless. Yes, even you. Homeless, I guess you might say, is a paycheck away. How do you handle homeless? Homeless to me is a mind over matter situation and it depends on your attitude, whether you are going to be homeless or not.

For example, I am homeless. When I tell people that I am homeless they don't believe me. The reason for this is because of my appearance. Well, how am I supposed to look? Please don't misunderstand me. I am planning to get out of this situation as soon as possible, God willing. If you want to get out of being homeless, just put your faith in God. I know, because I am a living witness to the fact that the only person to help me is I. Now this is not an overnight process, you just have to believe and put God first and everything else will follow.

Please keep that in mind, stay focused and positive.

For Want of Chocolate

By Jacqueline Turner, Vendor

It's an aroma that makes you feel good. With the whiff of the aroma, flash of good feelings and sensational taste cross your mind. The thick richness and the darkness of the color, it's so smooth, so rich and delicious. I am glad that chocolate is a treat.



PHOTO COURTESY OF LEE MCCOY/FICKR

It is HARD to Get a Job

By Jacqueline Turner, Vendor

When you are older than 60, people assume you are too old to function. They might think you are sick or feeble or you can't keep up just because of your age. For those of us looking for work, our ultimate obstacle is employers thinking we might die, which would force the company to find a new employee.

But that thinking is wrong. Older workers are more dependable and loyal. They arrive on time and are dedicated to their work. They also have financial obligations, such as a mortgage, that younger workers might not have. They are more committed to the job because they are scared they might not get another one.

Some people take advantage of older workers needing their job. These unscrupulous employers give the workers extra work and ask them to perform tasks they would not ask of a younger employee. These employers want older workers to work more hours

because they know the workers constantly worry they cannot keep pace with younger ones.

In this day and age many older workers are being forced to come out of retirement because of the rising cost of living, children returning to live with them, and rapidly changing technology. They are trying hard to keep up.

Sometimes older workers are the last hired and the first fired. But they still have to live! Social Security covers only a small portion of living expenses. Then, if one becomes ill, Medicare covers only part of health care costs. Just think how you would feel if you had worked all your life, then found out you couldn't retire--because if you do, you won't be able to afford enough to eat.

So, employers, take a good, long look at older workers. They are loyal, experienced and excellent. Give them the chance they deserve!

Academy of Hope: 269-6623
601 Edgewood St, NE
aohdc.org



Bread for the City:
265-2400 (NW) | 561-8587 (SE)
1525 7th St, NW | 1640 Good Hope Rd, SE
breadforthecity.org



Calvary Women's Services: 678-2341
1217 Good Hope Road, SE
calvaryservices.org



Catholic Charities: 772-4300
catholiccharitiesdc.org/gethelp



Charlie's Place: 232-3066
1830 Connecticut Ave, NW
charliesplacedc.org



Christ House: 328-1100
1717 Columbia Rd, NW
christhouse.org



Church of the Pilgrims: 387-6612
2201 P St, NW
churchofthepilgrims.org/outreach
food (1 - 1:30 on Sundays only)



Community Council for the Homeless at Friendship Place: 364-1419
4713 Wisconsin Ave, NW
cchfp.org



Community Family Life Services:
347-0511
305 E St, NW
cflsdc.org



Community of Hope: 232-7356
communityofhopedc.org



Covenant House Washington:
610-9600
2001 Mississippi Avenue, SE
covenanthousedc.org



D.C. Coalition for the Homeless:
347-8870
1234 Massachusetts Ave, NW
dccfh.org



Father McKenna Center: 842-1112
19 Eye St, NW
fathermckennacenter.org



Food and Friends: 269-2277
219 Riggs Rd, NE
foodandfriends.org
(home delivery for those suffering from HIV, cancer, etc)



Foundry Methodist Church: 332-4010
1500 16th St, NW
foundrymc.org/ministry-opportunities
ID (FRIDAY 9-12 ONLY)



Georgetown Ministry Center:
338-8301
1041 Wisconsin Ave, NW
georgetownministrycenter.org



Gospel Rescue Ministries: 842-1731
810 5th St, NW
grm.org



Jobs Have Priority: 544-9128
425 Snd St, NW
jobshavepriority.org



John Young Center: 639-8569
119 D Street, NW



Martha's Table: 328-6608
2114 14th St, NW
marthastable.org



Miriam's Kitchen: 452-8926
2401 Virginia Ave, NW
miriamskitchen.org



My Sister's Place:
529-5991 (24-hour hotline)
mysistersplacedc.org



N Street Village: 939-2060
1333 N Street, NW
nstreetvillage.org



New York Ave Shelter: 832-2359
1355-57 New York Ave, NE



Open Door Shelter: 639-8093
425 2nd St, NW
newhopeministriesdc.org/id3.html



Rachel's Women's Center:
682-1005
1222 11th St, NW
rachaels.org



Samaritan Inns: 667-8831
2523 14th St, NW
samaritaninns.org



Samaritan Ministries:
1516 Hamilton Street NW | 722-2280
1345 U Street SE | 889-7702
samaritanministry.org



Sasha Bruce Youthwork: 675-9340
741 8th St, SE
sashabruce.org



So Others Might Eat (SOME)
797-8806
71 O St, NW
some.org



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3655 Calvert St. NW
stlukesmissioncenter.org



Thrive DC: 737-9311
1525 Newton St, NW
thrivedc.org



Unity Health Care: 745-4300
3020 14th St, NW
unityhealthcare.org



The Welcome Table: 347-2635
1317 G St, NW
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VENDOR PROFILE: HENRIEES ROBERTS

By Jazmine Steele, Editorial Intern



The images of suffering caused by HIV/AIDS trouble Henriese Roberts, 64.

She has watched people struggle with ailments, be jailed and even die as a result of contracting the infection. Roughly half of her life has been spent advocating for people to talk about matters of sexuality and health.

"We fear the disease instead of learning how to circumvent it and be loving to people that do have it," Roberts said.

Motivated by close personal experiences with friends and family, she began working to raise awareness about public health, sexuality and HIV/AIDS issues nearly 30 years ago.

For the past year, she has been writing about these topics in *Street Sense* newspaper and working as a vendor in the Annapolis, Md. area.

Originally from Mississippi, her advocacy efforts led her to Chicago where she trained with the American Red Cross as a health educator and worked in public access television. She moved to the Washington region two years ago. She hopes to produce films about health education and history. She feels film is a powerful education vehicle that can reach people with messages they might miss in other mediums.

"Generally we're not the type of people you can sit down and have a humane loving conversation [with] and learn something," she said.

Roberts said she believes current laws

that criminalize the transmission of HIV/AIDS are too harsh. According to the non-profit Center for HIV Law and Policy, 32 states and two U.S. territories have criminalized HIV exposure to some extent.

"Punish and pay... that's the way health education is going," she said. "People are paying a very high price because they are going to prison."

She has watched HIV/AIDS change the lives of people. It has damaged their health and also presented challenges in terms of personal privacy, employment and housing. The disease can be entirely crippling for a poor person. Roberts makes this point one of her key messages.

"I ask people 'can they afford to catch this disease,'" she said.

"There are many people that can't afford their medications and are on waiting lists to be treated. There are also a lot of unnecessary deaths."

Roberts admits that advocacy has taken over her life, but she still enjoys heading to Old Country Buffet to indulge in a few plates of hearty meat and potatoes. In 1992, she was diagnosed with histoplasmosis, an infectious disease that has rendered her visually impaired, thus hampering her filmmaking and photography career. Still she remains optimistic and continues to persevere in her photography studies.

"We fear the disease instead of learning how to circumvent it and be loving to people that do have it."

"I am going to actualize because I am willing to work hard," Roberts said.

Through her work she hopes people become more sexually conscious, avoid spreading the disease and reduce the stigma associated with the infection.

Ramadan Blessed Nights (To Mark the End of the Holy Month)

By Robert Warren, Vendor

For a thousand nights of his mercy, amen, for ten days of a year the angels descend to take one's praise back to the Lord, so blessed the nights of morning darkness when your heart shines a light to sleep in the temple on one of these blessed nights and awake to the praise before the sun light if only man knew of his mercy of the moon 30 days then its first sight.

All the blessings are for the believers in those ten nights for

the deeds you do when you treat the people right. Honor a mother and a father to be good kith and kin; with a small child is a good place to begin. But oh in the end those ten days are always worth their weight of gold and silver in the life to come knowing what every man must one day know. By the light of the moon and the blazing sun for this we love and we live because we love the Lord who is one.

PHOTO COURTESY OF RANA OSSAMA/Flickr

LAST WORD: THANK GOD AND BE GRATEFUL

By Scott Lovell, Vendor

I have to thank God and be grateful for the people God has put in my life. Whether it is while I am riding the Metro or selling *Street Sense* newspapers, I thank God for my life. I have met groups of kids from other states coming here to find out how they can help the homeless in their states.

I meet people on the buses and trains who are interested in how they can help. I feel that I am here for a purpose and it is not just to sell *Street Sense*. It is to share my story and to make people aware of what is going on with the homeless. I have been there and done that.

It is hard to describe being homeless if you have never been there. Anyone can become homeless. I have slept on a park bench by Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, Va. I have slept beside a designer who helped build some of the buildings on Broad Street in Richmond. He showed me paperwork that proved he did the work.

We are all here for a reason and purpose. We have to find out what it is. I know this because I don't know of anyone else who has been hit by two cars in one day and who is still living. So I know I have a purpose.

So I am grateful for Pam, Donna and Mary from McLean, Va. Hi-five to Jack, who I met at Farragut North and everyone I have met on my journey. If it weren't for them, God and Ted Leonsis, I don't know where I would be, because I was on a crash course when I was out on the streets. I am also grateful for Bobby Banks and Glen at Embassy Autowash in McLean for working with me in a job, even with my health condition. No one else would do that for me. Even my property manager, where I live, has helped me with encouragement here and there.

Here is a prayer I am trying to start everyday:

Dear God, You have brought me to the beginning of a new day. I ask you to renew my heart with your strength and purpose. Forgive my errors of yesterday and help me walk closer to Your way today.

Shine through me so that every person I meet may feel Your presence in their soul. Take my hand for I can't make it by myself. I love you God.

I struggle every day. I am not perfect but I am working daily on myself.

Thank you God for the people you have put in my life. I am grateful for each and every one of them.



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